

# Actresses Who



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"I AM not as expert in housekeeping as I shall be sometime when I am not tired out by a long season, and can go after it just as I would go after a part—think of nothing else, do nothing else," said twenty-one-year-old Ruth Chatterton, who lives in a quaint three-story house on East Fifty-second Street, New York. "But there are two things that I can do well: I can build a fire better than any one else in the family, and I can dust books better than any one else under my roof can or does."

"Books should be kept as free from dust as our lungs are. Once a week I dust my books, sitting in the middle of the library floor with the books heaped about me. I use a soft piece of muslin, frequently replaced, and sprinkled with a few drops of ammonia. My progress is thorough, though slow—it is such a temptation to stop to read."



FRANCES STARR keeps house with two older sisters. "I do the buying," she says. "I like that. What girl doesn't like spending money?"

"My rule is never to buy cheap, shoddy material. I like good linens as some girls like jewels, and I am buying linens now that I expect to have in my linen chests when I am a white-haired woman of sixty. They are so strong that they may long outlast their purchaser."

"There is one prerogative that I retain against all dispute. I am a good bed-maker, and on matinée days or stormy days I do the family bed-making, even to that of the maids. The exercise keeps my muscles supple."

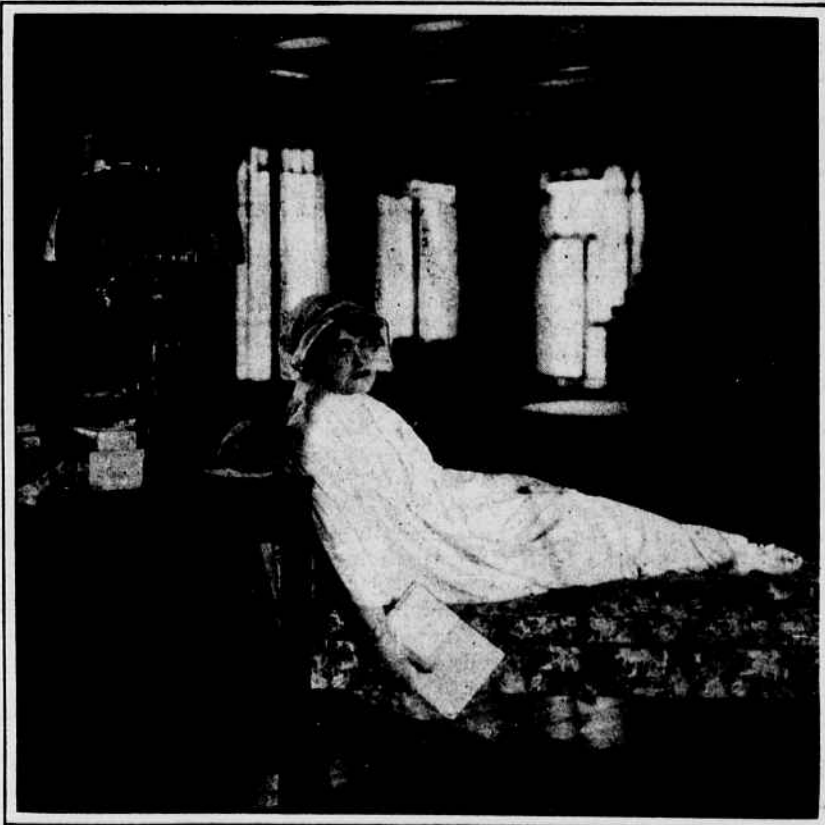


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"THE loss of a servant never throws me into a panic," declares Pauline Frederick. "My life is one long declaration of independence of servants." She attributes this blessed state to the fact that her New England mother trained her in every kind of housework.

"If a laundress becomes disgruntled, her departure causes me no discomfort: I can wash my clothes quite as well as she can—I think a little better; and I prefer to iron my own fine pieces."

HENRIETTA CROSMAN grew up as an army girl, out on the Western plains, where servants are hard to get and there are never enough to go around. She learned early to do emergency housekeeping—to cook for any number of unexpected guests, to pull up stakes at a moment's notice, and to make the roughest kind of quarters habitable. "I keep house with my windows open," she says. One summer, to get all the fresh air she wanted, she lived in a hut on top of the Sierras. She declares that she never quarrels with her cook, and that they interchange ideas on a footing of equality.



"I SHALL be glad when myself entirely to this. "This" is her pretty, English Ninety-third Street, New York. Her favorite room is her room, done in quaint dull dragon sprawling over the with rare blue porcelains on in dim corners. The room she admired once while around the world."